

Gertie and Pop Try New Junior High Pool

The Story of A Flapper, Clothed in Film Language and Shot on the Silver Screen.

By IRMA HARMES

GADGET GERTIE telephones home that, at the new Junior High school swimming pool, family nights are being featured. Her dad, who answers the phone, says he gets plenty of that at home and refuses to put on an exhibition in public. Gertie explains that she said "family nights" not "fighies"—family nights being the term applied to mixed classes which all the loud eagles, as well as middle-aged aunts and uncles may attend with their male and female progeny, submitting themselves to eye-strains and goose pimples through exposure of great open spaces which the newspaper reports and weekly, cotton suits fail to cover.

Pop's eyes blaze with sudden interest and glow again. He agrees to meet Gertie at the water's edge. Being a merry old soul, he rigs his sturdy bulk and sets out to see.

Meantime Gertie shuffles to the cashier and draws a club card which happens to be a joker. It entitles her to a weekly plunge from the sublime to the ridiculous, and the privilege of running the pool with her small constitution, along with the heavier plungers whose displacement is greater. She is given a germ-proof suit and a sterilized towel



Gertie gets a big kick out of the water sports at the foot end of the pool.

fashioned tippler to the modern tank. She hesitates again to hang her wool and fur trappings in a locker, but is reassured when she observes that it has a ventilator at the top to keep the moths from suffocating.

Our heroine enters one of the private undressing rooms, two of which flank each shower. Her experience with showers having been limited to leaky clouds, she figures that the venter compartment, situated several inches below floor level, must be a dressing room for the towel girls and that the perforated disk in the floor must be a hot air register for the loud speakers.

This being a screen version, the ensuing action is condensed. However, it may be given a veiled description in subtitles, such as "Gertie finds that a cotton suit strikes from exposure like a modest flapper, and the widest stretch of imagination will not allow one to step in if it's several sizes below par around the equator." But, if one is resourceful and slick one may slip out of a predicament and into a jersey without accident, providing one faces the hot water pipe. Gertie solves the problem by pushing the button of the liquid soap container. She fills her palm all of soap, and thoroughly lubricates the shrinking jumper. Fanning defeat she slips on the trunk and, presto, she has a frothing fit because Lux with her.

The unaccused stills may now be shot in the open. Gertie enters the pool room and slides to the end of the diving board while a flock of old birds, including the aforementioned uncle, follow her with eyes and "ohs". The lineup of spectators taking in the side show reminds her of

the county fair and she figures at last "gopher now, Pop, it's your turn"—that's one reason why he hangs around the hot dog stand in front of the radiators.

The instructor abouts Gertie and Gertie hops off on the first leg of an aerial loop but a "chatter" in the feed line causes a gear smash and her fuselage buckles in the middle. With her clutch on high the falls in twines and tangles on her own responsibility, scattering soap suds with an accuracy of aim that would shame a self-respecting grapefruit. Bystanders, attracted with aural blindness, bubble and frock while Gertie explains her descent while cuds in a hose drive, at last she finds that she has a toe-hold on a corner of deep-end fence, but disaster comes when in her wake add her own flippers when she discovers it's only the three sanitary goldfish nibbling at what appears to be sea food because it's stale.

Gertie is momentarily taken off her feet, but presently rises to the occasion and manages to get a big kick out of the water sports at the foot end of the pool.

The picture could be brought to a climax here with a show-up of the rude spectators who thickly lined



A close-up of the rude spectators who turned to rubber when Gertie burst into print. Also the balisuter and the goldfish which turned the tie.

is rubber, or of the pious youth who became a backslider because he let not his right foot know what his left foot was doing, but we prefer the more pallid, ending which shows a goldfish turning turtle when he sees Gertie with a bare margin of inches to her favor, makes a fresh start. She hits the bottom record for a film performer and beauty into print.



It isn't ginger sees Pop, it's cow feet. That's ONE reason why he hangs around the hot dog stand in front of the radiators.

which the Irish attendant calls a Turkish Trophy. It's an antique gag, but one has to laugh at a girl who can't keep her trap shut and always gets her foot in it.

On the soggy coast along shower-drenched southern slides, Gertie, taking foot notes with the soft pedal, hesitates to pick up impressions left by the passing generation on its march of progress from the old



GABBY GERTIE

"Her baring may be worn way down
but her cash will not pay all the bills."

GABBY GERTIE



"The most effective remedy for heartburn is heart balm."

GABBY GERTIE



"One way to reduce the wait is to call an hour later than she promises to be ready."

GABBY GERTIE



"Even an actress who can swim refuses to be cast in 'Muddy Waters.'"

GABBY GERTIE



"A sale race always ends in a clothes finish."

GABBY GERTIE



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**"The girl who makes funny faces
and strips in shady places knows
where to draw the line."**